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The Cornell Countryman



Volume XXXIX

May 1942

Number 8

One-man army!



HE doesn't carry a gun. He never learned to fly a plane, or drive a tank, or toss a hand grenade. But he's a one-man army, just the same.

He's an American farmer, fighting the battle of food.

On his own battleground, he's his own General and his own General Staff—free to plan his battle as he sees fit. Yes, and he's his own buck private, ready, if need be, to execute his plans single-handed.

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Cornell, in common with many other universities, realizing the need of trained and disciplined minds, and realizing, too, that those minds should be working for the country at the earliest possible moment, has made certain changes so that the educational plant will be working full time.

CONTINUOUS INSTRUCTION

To that end, the Colleges of Agriculture and Home Economics provide practically continuous instruction during the summer of 1942. Present plans look toward similar uses of the summer periods, for some years at least, so that all who can profit by the intensive year-round instruction can shorten the period between the day they enter and their commencement. Thus the work may be accelerated without being slighted.

NO SHORT COURSE

The twelve-week winter course, will not be given in 1942-43, and possibly not again even after the war. After 50 years of operation, the enrollment has fallen off decidedly, much as it did during the war of 1914-18. Furthermore, 340 high schools in the State teach agriculture, besides the several schools of agriculture. During the past half-century more than ten thousand persons attended the winter courses.

Those who wish to learn of the summer session instruction should write to

THE DIRECTOR OF THE SUMMER SESSION

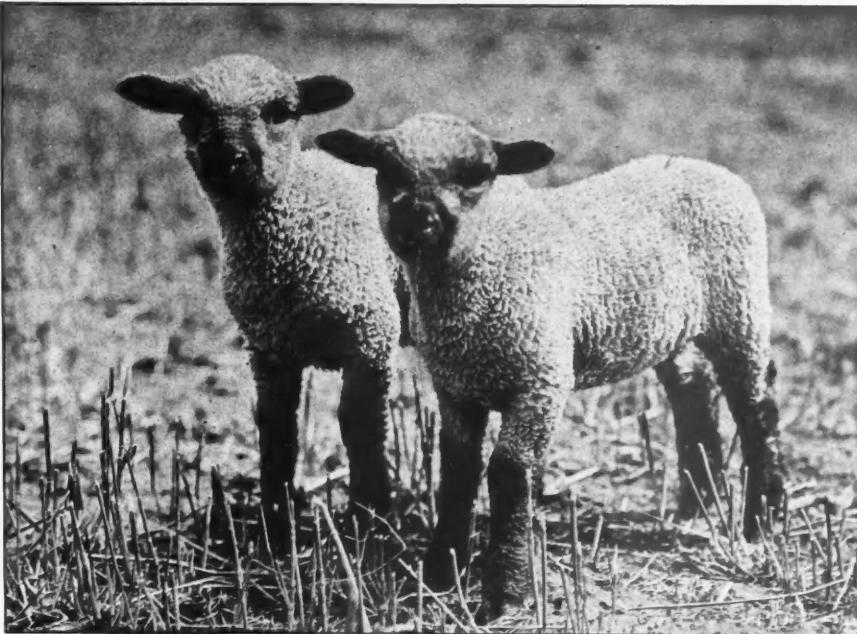
Those who wish to know about the regular courses and changes due to the accelerated program for the regular courses, should send their inquiries to

THE DIRECTOR OF ADMISSIONS

The address for both is

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, ITHACA, NEW YORK

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"Art in the Country" by Bristow Adams discusses the Rural Art Show held during Farm and Home Week. A snowy winter scene stays into May on page 5

Have you ever slept outdoors in the snow? Read about Cornell's Outdoor Living class on page 7

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W. D. McMILLAN '24, President, Board of Directors

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Jim Veeder, who was graduated from the College of Agriculture in February to go back to the farm, describes his experience in 4-H Club work on page 8

Betsy Kandiko '44 tells us how to raise "Bottle Babies" with four legs and wool coats. Page 7

Vegetables that cannot be eaten now can be stored for future use in a cool cellar or an earth pit. Rudy Caplan tells us how on the home-ec page, along with some notes on rat-killing, and a write-up of a home-ec senior. See page 10

WE DID IT BEFORE

A lot of us went home to farms for Spring Vacation last month. We weren't sure how things would be at home. The tire shortages and rationing of different products might be hard on the farm folks.

Pretty much the same on all our farms, wasn't it? They had finished the winter wood-sawing and were beginning spring plowing, eating breakfast, dinner and supper with an ear to the war news on the radio. They knew more than we did about what was happening in the Pacific.

Dad said his '31 Ford was obsolete, according to the rationing board; he wouldn't have any tire trouble. Said it ran all right for an antique.

Dad will be working hard alone this spring. The neighbor boy he always hires has been drafted and the hired man left in February for a defense job.

Mother was taking a first aid course at the central school and planning to raise a huge vegetable garden. She said that she helped with the farm work during the last war and she can do it again. She'll be helping this summer, from picking beans to driving a tractor, and so will a lot of us. Some of us didn't come back second term because the farm needed us most and many more won't come back next fall, for the same reason.

The farmers will keep the crops growing.

—M.R.H.



In the beginning of modern painting, particularly with the great masters of the Renaissance, landscapes were little used, and then only as settings, or backgrounds, for figures.

When the landscape became a major output in painting, and stood on its merit and in its own right, farming came into the picture, literally and figuratively. Many artists found their inspiration in the rural or pastoral scene.

Among these was Anton Mauve, (1838-88) Dutch painter, noted for his delicate water-colors. The accompanying picture reproduces a characteristic spring-time scene, with the village shepherd returning home at evening with his charges, along a wet road between the pollarded trees whose lower branches are trimmed each year to furnish faggots for fuel.

The Cornell Countryman

A Journal of Country Life-Plant, Animal, Human

Volume XXXIX

Ithaca, New York, May, 1942

Number 8

Art in the Country

By Bristow Adams

TWO members of the faculty of the College of Agriculture at Ithaca started something at the Farm and Home Week of 1942. Both of these persons were women. One of them, Doctor Pearl Gardner, proposed and carried through a contest for rural poets, as described in the March issue of the Countryman. The other, Professor Clara L. Garrett, inaugurated an exhibit of rural art, or paintings, drawings, and sculptures by artists who live in the country.

In the opinion of the exhibit committee, the show was a success from the point of view of the artists and of the visitors as well. It was stipulated that the works shown should be the creations of persons who live in the country, or in villages of not more than 2,500 inhabitants. No distinction was made between professional artists and those who were the merest amateurs or novices; yet it is fair to say that the work of those who still have to achieve reputations did not suffer by contrast with that of artists whose names and fames are known.

At first it was thought desirable to hang the work of professionals in one part of the improvised gallery, with a separate section for the less skilled exhibitors. But the two groups, on the basis of relative merit, could not be unscrambled. Some who had never exhibited before showed canvases of such merit and promise that invidious distinctions were impossible.

A catalog of paintings, artists, and the places where the artists lived, and the prices of their pictures, showed imagination in the titles, many R.F.D. addresses for the home places, and decidedly modest—too modest—prices. The picture here shown could have been sold a dozen times; lucky was the person who saw it first, and bought it. Its painter, Sidney Taylor of Dewittville, a farmer who works his farm during the preparing, planting, growing, and harvesting seasons is too busy to paint then, so he paints mainly in the winter. His painting, "A Snug Retreat" shows his own place under a snow-fall.



PRACTICALLY all types of pictures, in almost every medium,—oil, water-color, pencil, crayon, lithography, block prints, and even colored wood carving were shown, in landscapes, portraits, still life, decorations, flower-pieces.

Retrospective impressions of the show, are of some outstanding pictures: One "Pouring the Wax," that attracted general attention was by "Grandma" Moses of Eagle Bridge, and showed maple-sugaring in a snow-scene, filled with figures which suggested to many the merry canvases of Pieter Breughel, who, about 1560, portrayed the pleasures of peasant life.

A broadly-handled large canvas had a place of honor on the largest wall space. It is a masterly transcription of clouds, and a shed on a desolate hill-top; its humble title is "Good for Goats," by Harmon Neill, of Pleasant Valley. On another wall, the central space was given to a portrait of a young negress, "Negro Girl with Apples," simple and direct in treatment, by Mrs. J. Lytle, of Greenwich.

To say that there were not many unevennesses in the merit of the works shown would be an exaggeration; but it can be said that none of

the 88 pictures which lined the walls was without real merit, and very few of those submitted failed to find a place in the exhibit. Those that were left out, were denied a place mainly because of lack of space, and also because at least one picture by the artist had already been hung.

AT FIRST the efforts of the Federal Department of Agriculture and of the State Colleges of Agriculture was to aid farmers in the production of crops; then followed the era of rapid growth of farm management, of agricultural economics, of marketing, when the effort was directed not alone to production, but to getting a fair return for the crops raised.

Economics, however, did not satisfy all the desires of the farmers, and rural sociology entered the field, to improve farming not only as a way of making a living, but as a way of life.

The inevitable trend was toward those intangible things of the spirit, or of the soul, artistic expression in various fields, of which, among the ultimates, are painting and poetry.

That is why the Cornell rural painting exhibit promises to be a fixed feature of Farm and Home Week.

ARTHUR HAUSNER

Art Hausner came to Cornell from Mohawk where he was very active in high school. He played football there for three years, having been elected captain his last year, and was President of the Hi-Y club.

His activities at Cornell have shown that he did not lose his tendencies toward extra-curricular activities. Art has been elected to several honorary societies including Scarab, Kappa Phi Kappa, and Quill and Dagger. He represented the F.F.A. on the Ag-Domecon Council last year, and was elected to the Student Council for this year. Besides doing all these things, Art earned all of his college expenses. In doing this, he started out his sophomore year as a Student Agencies competitor and this year he has been the President.

Art has had several opportunities for jobs after graduation. He seriously considered joining the Naval Reserve, but failed to qualify because he is married. The offer which he says is the most likely one for him to accept is in the General Electric Company's accounting department, and because of his training here in school we feel sure that he will be a success.

Cornell Grange Grows

Six prospective members of a Cornell Grange and Professor A. W. Gibson and Prof. C. A. Taylor met April ninth with Deputy master Merrill Curry. The possibility of establishing a Cornell University Grange was brought before the Forest City Grange at their last meeting by Mr. Curry and they passed a resolution "favoring a Cornell group providing that it be organized and maintained as a strictly student Grange." They sent this resolution on to the State Grange Master.

The objection to the Grange is that there is a changing group of students and we don't want to start some organization that has to be fostered along after the present group graduates. There are many organizations now and it isn't desirable to establish another unless it has a definite purpose.

Mr. Curry explained the purposes of it and it is felt, however, that maybe we need an organization such as the Grange to tie together all the various organizations on the Ag campus.



Art Hausner

Students in the past have felt they would lose contact with the Grange while in College. A student Grange would alleviate this difficulty, and also keeping in contact with the Grange means that these students would start on a new job, having something in common with the people in an otherwise strange community.

Leslie Grimes, Chairman of the group reported that the next meeting will be for all the students desiring to join; organization questions will be discussed.

Bacamia Elections

Probably only a small number of students have heard of Bacamia. This is a club for majors in Bacteriology. Membership is automatic, but open only to upperclassmen. The officers for 1942-43 are: Robert More, Presi-

dent; Mary Perta, Secretary; Donald Cameron, Program Chairman; and Beatrice Bettino, Social Chairman. We hope that this club will become better known, for it is quite active and should receive some recognition for its work.

In The Faculty

Leonard A. Maynard, Professor of Animal Nutrition and Director of the U. S. Nutrition Laboratory, attended the meeting of the Federation of the Societies of Biology held in Boston April 4. Professor Maynard has been secretary of the American Institute of Nutrition, a branch of the Federation, for three years and vice-president for one year.

Others who attended the meeting were: Miss Hazel Hauch, Professor of Home Economics; James B. Sumner, Professor of Biochemistry; K. C. Hamner, Plant Physiologist and Assistant Professor of Plant Physiology; Clive M. McCay, Professor of Animal Nutrition; and Leo C. Norris, Professor of Animal Nutrition, and acting secretary of the School of Nutrition.

We Animals

Emeritus Professor James G. Needham has written a book "About Ourselves" which is a survey of human nature from the zoological point of view. The book is divided into two parts: "Man in His Biological Aspects" and "Society in Its Biological Aspects." It was published by the Jaques Cattell Press of Lancaster, Pa.

"Asparagus Production" Published

"Asparagus Production" by Homer C. Thompson, Professor of Vegetable Crops, has recently been published. Professor Thompson is chairman of the New York State Victory Garden Council, and of the College of Agriculture Victory Garden Committee.



Devoted to
Local
Events

The Campus Countryman

Around the
Top of
"The Hill"

Engagement Announced

Mrs. John E. Ayers of Warwick, N. Y., has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Belle Townsend Ayers '40 to James Christopher Plunket '39, son of Mr. and Mrs. Owen T. Plunket of Kingston, N. Y.

Miss Ayers, a graduate of the College of Home Economics and a member of Pi Lambda Theta, honorary teachers society, was also a member of the Home Economics Club and Wayside Aftermath. She is now teaching in Roxbury, N. Y.

Plunket, a graduate of the College of Agriculture, was a member of Scarab, honorary society for Juniors and Seniors of the College of Agriculture and Hotel Administration. He was also on the Cross Country Team and a wearer of the "C". He is now a student at Albany Law School. Plunket has applied to the FBI for a position as a special agent.

Outdoor Living

One of the courses offered by the ag college in connection with defense is Outdoor Living. This course is under the direction of E. L. Palmer of the Rural Education Department. The class has about forty members, some already experienced woodsmen, others knowing nothing at all about life in the outdoors, but all willing and anxious to learn.

During March the class went out on an overnight field trip, and slept on the ground in sleeping bags. They woke up to find their shoes frozen to the ground beside them, rolled out of their blankets into a pitch black morning, got breakfast and came back to the campus in time for their eight o'clock! During May they'll be going out on more overnights, and the weekly meeting of the class is a long hike, or a lecture on mountain climbing, with a demonstration of rope-climbing out on the shores of Beebe Lake.

The course is designed to show the place of outdoor living in modern life, to give some ideas of primitive means of living, communication, and transportation. The class is learning the technique of living outdoors, from how to keep cool to the best wood for fuel.

Final examination in the course is rumored to consist of an effort by Dr. Palmer to lose the class members in the woods. Those who come back alive pass the course!

Girls!

Lee Selbst '43

Girls! Girls! Girls! Girls!
Steel-plucked eyebrows, hair-pinned
curls,
Elusive, evasive, frustrating knurls,
Girls! Girls! Girls! Girls!

Ears for beggars, eyes for earls,
Hearts for rubies, minds for pearls,
Where in all as history unfurls,
Were there ever men unruled by
girls?
To spur, to goad, to urge, to incite,
To sting, to lash, to rouse, to bite,
To quiet, to quench, to calm, to quell,
make men sigh—then swear like
H - - l!
To move, to shift, to change, to sway,
To make Shylocks spend and Scrooges
play.
To twist, to warp, to bend, to fray,
To make me say "night" when the
sky says "day."
And yet, even when they turn me
bitter as gall,
I find myself saying, "God bless them
all!"



Bottle Babies

By Betsy Kandiko, '44

a farm. We learned long ago to keep nipples and bottles of all sizes on hand. So, while my little sisters fondle Sparky, as they have already named the wobbly little creature, I heat milk and feed him. Sparky is so hungry he does not mind what we give him so long as it is warm and plentiful. But we have learned that lambs do not as a rule thrive on a diet of all cows' milk. As soon as another lamb is born, we will give Sparky some of his own brand of milk. After he is a little older he can get along on cow's milk entirely, but in the beginning he needs some ewes' milk.

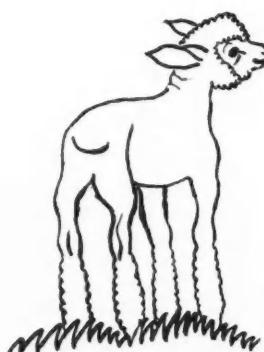
Every year we have one or two "bottle babies," either because the mother does not have enough milk, or because she has twins and cannot support them both, or because she contrarily will not own her lamb.

WE CALL the "bottle babies" pets; mom and dad call them nuisances. As the lambs grow older

they get into all sorts of mischief. Escaping from their yard, they raid the garden, gambol in the flower beds, scare the chickens off their nests, and then "baa" derisively at the kitchen door.

Feeding them develops from six-year-old Mary's job to sixteen-year-old Helen's job, for the big babies grow fast on their especial care, and the last few weeks before they are weaned is really a strenuous time for us. The lambs are so greedy they either pull the nipple off the bottle and chew it up or they bite holes in it or they butt the bottle out of our hands. We have solved the problem by standing outside the yard and feeding the lambs through the railings.

After weaning, the lambs are no longer babies. They are grown-up and ready for the market. Soon the sad day comes when the buyer's red truck roars into the yard and away go our "bottle babies."

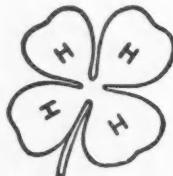


MAA! MAA! A weak, plaintive cry comes from the porch. We open the door and there is dad with a tiny new-born lamb—the first lamb of the season. The first lamb is always interesting but this one is especially so, for, as dad tells us, his mother does not have a drop of milk.

"Bottle babies" are an old story on

The 4-H Clover

By James Veeder '42



WHAT does the four leaf clover mean to you? Luck perhaps? To a million and a half boys and girls throughout the United States, Hawaii, Alaska, and Puerto Rico, it is the emblem of the largest youth movement in the world, and a standard of attained excellence.

This year I completed eleven years of 4-H club work. It was with both pleasure and sorrow that I received recognition for eleven years membership, for it marks my last year as a 4-H club member, but it is with pleasure that I look back over my 4-H career at the knowledge I have gained and the many experiences I have had.

Membership requires the completion of an agricultural project each year. I selected potato growing as my activity. This required planting one bushel of seed and taking care of the crop, keeping close records on all expenses and receipts. I was ten years old at the time and hardly knew what to do or how to do it, but with the help of my grandfather and the county agent, I successfully completed the project and looked forward to a bigger and better year to follow. Since I did not live on a farm, I was handicapped in a choice of projects, as all but poultry would have to be conducted on my grandfather's farm which was two miles from home. For this reason, I chose poultry in addition to potatoes for my second year work and I have carried them through to completion every year since.

Poultry has always been my main interest and after starting with a small number of chicks I have increased my operations so that now I have an efficient flock of 100 laying hens. Many other enterprises have been included in my 4-H club program such as forestry, gardening, and growing strawberries. All have proved helpful as well as interesting. For example: the poultry flock

at home included many breeds, and it was not paying its way. In learning by doing, I adopted a single breed, New Hampshires, and by a definite, improved plan of brooding and rearing, more careful management, culling, and improved record keeping, a profit rather than a loss resulted. In addition to a financially profitable poultry flock, I have gained experience in judging, culling, and have participated in a number of contests. At these affairs I have met many 4-H members from other parts of the state who have become my lasting friends. I have also shown poultry, potatoes, and other products at both county and state fairs, and have done well in stiff competition. My other projects have afforded me great pleasure.

Forestry was one of my most successful activities, as I planted 1000 trees ten years ago. Upon completion of the second year work, I received a trip to the Adirondack Mountains. This marked the first outstanding recognition I had received as a 4-H member, and it was the spark which I needed to make me continue as one when our club was disbanded a short time later. I completed the third and fourth year forestry work for which I received a plaque as the outstanding 4-H forestry member in New York State. The honor that goes with these awards, however, is not as important as the incentive to continue and to achieve a higher goal.

PARTICIPATION and completion are not the only parts, or necessarily the most important parts of the 4-H program, as can be seen by the varied activities. Improvement, both socially and physically, as well mentally and morally, are emphasized by these other activities. Two summers ago I was counsellor at a regional 4-H camp, camps conducted in each county, or by a group of counties, camps which are highly appreciated by 4-H boys and girls, for the program is far different than the routine work of milking cows or of working in the field all day. It gives farm boys and girls a chance to get some recreation at a small cost with social and physical benefits.

There are unnumbered possibilities

for trips, awards, and good times through contests, outstanding work, and leadership. 4-H club work presents these challenges to a member, challenges which an ambitious and wide-awake member will take advantage of quickly. I have been extremely fortunate in obtaining pleasant trips and numerous awards during my 4-H club career and owe a debt of gratitude to those who made them possible.

As a 4-H club member during the past three years, I have been somewhat lax in my interest, because being away from home at college, and working summers to help support me in college has prevented me from doing a creditable job. Upon entering college, however, I joined the University 4-H Club which has helped me to keep the contacts which I made earlier through my activities as a club member.

Last summer marked my last as a county 4-H club member, but I continued my interest in the organization as a summer assistant agent. I enjoyed the summer's work, for it gave me a different slant on club activities and it has helped me to gain experience which will be helpful in the continuation of this vocation after graduation from college.

I am grateful to the 4-H club and our county agent for the many benefits, awards, stimulating and interesting times I have had as a member. One of the more important sidelights to my activities as a member in the club has been my recent engagement to a former 4-H club girl, whom I met through 4-H club activities.

The 4-H club is the greatest youth organization to which a farm boy or girl can belong. Every farm youth can be greatly helped, and can receive much profitable enjoyment through membership. At times it is discouraging. Hens will die, and the garden may dry up, but there is always another year in which to do better.



Nightmare Kate

By Marjorie R. Heit '43

KATE'S gone," my father would say when he came in for breakfast from doing the chores.

"I can understand," he'd go on, "that she might slip her rope over her ears even if it were tied tightly, but how she got out of the stable with the door closed—"

I wouldn't say anything because I'd know she's got out the window that had no bars. It would be a new stunt of hers.

I'd looked out of the window and not seen her in the alfalfa field nor in the neighbor's wheat. Our saddle horse is probably Reason One on the list of Why Our Neighbors Dislike Us.

I'd go through the orchard not expecting to find her and then across into the neighbor's young apple orchard, and perhaps she'd be there, chewing on apples, a lean, Roman-nosed buckskin with an arching neck and a wild glint in her eye. If I found her, I'd still have to catch her. She'd whirl and race to the other end of the orchard, and finally stop and be caught. Then I could lead her over to a rock, grab at her mane and squirm on her back and she would go home very meekly and angelically. Next day she would be gone again, preferably farther away. Sometimes she would be immured in some irate neighbor's barnyard and I would be getting her out quietly, pretending to be invisible.

Sometimes, it seems to me, most of my younger years were spent searching in impossible places for Kate. She liked me best of anyone in the family and I could always catch her; that is, almost always. If she kept on coyly dashing away out of reach, Major, the big airedale, could be called to take care of her. The dog knew he couldn't outrun her, so he stood in front of her at a safe distance from her feet and gave a warning growl, which never failed to make her stand until someone came and led her away.

Kate was no ideal horse. She was jittery; she shied at sudden noises and quick movements. Never would she stand still, for she moved away as you put one foot in the stirrup, and never could be persuaded to stop until you shifted your weight to dismount. Guns were her special fear, and she ran away the instant she heard the click of a shotgun being cocked or the safety bolt of a rifle

slipped over.

Kate couldn't be tied with a halter, and a loop of roop around her neck was not infallible; disgruntled farmhands used to suggest tying a slip-knot in it, but the rope was good when she didn't untie it, slip it off over her ears, or break it. Her bridle reins were always knotted where she had broken them, and the saddle a little crumpled and battered from being rolled on, or casually knocked off the wall and trampled.

BUT just when we were wondering whether we owned the horse or if she was giving us orders, she would do some good deed for us. She was an excellent means of transportation and never tired. Nervous as she was, she was also fearless. She shied at bits of paper, and leaped into the air when a door slammed, but she would walk across the railroad bridge on three narrow planks, when the dogs were afraid to cross and swam under. She would go through water up to her shoulders and climb up and slide down steep banks, anywhere that he could get a footing. And she was surefooted. Allowed to trust her own judgment, she would take her rider in and out of anything.

During the trapping season she was ridden hard, but the rest of the year she had little to do and evidently considered that she was entitled to freedom in her spare time after the winter she had spent on the trapline, wading through drifts, and splashing

through mud and water, as well as carrying home the trapper and his catch at the end of the day.

I remember coming into the stable one afternoon to find her backed to the end of her rope, snorting. Asleep in the front of the stall against the manger were two of the setter's puppies. They had wandered in around Kate's feet and she had been careful not to step on them. The Old Cat had a perpetual series of kittens in the stable and as soon as they could walk they began crawling in and out of Kate's stall and festooning themselves on the posts.

A FAMILY legend insists that Kate always looked both ways before crossing the railroad tracks. She was as good as a watchdog, for it was she who first noticed unfamiliar objects in the landscape and began laying her ears back and dancing up and down until we too saw them.

We are bored with her little escapades sometimes, and refuse to look for her, and then she comes strolling home in midmorning, chewing a cornstalk or something in season and looking at us with a tolerant twinkle in her eye.

Her sleek buckskin coat is greying now, and she's fussy about her food. She wheezes sometimes and her joints are a little stiff. We'll turn her out to grass for always one of these days, but we'll never worry about her health until she stops breaking out and stays home like an old lady.



Cornell Homemaker

Children In War

The effects of war on children became more real and vivid to the students of Miss Marie Fowler's Family Life 140 class when the mothers of refugee children, Mrs. George Winter from Russia and Austria, Mrs. Henry Sack late from France, and foster-mother Mrs. Richard Robinson of Ithaca told the class some of their problems in trying to mend the war-scarred lives of their children.

Mrs. Winter explained the language difficulty of her son Peterly when his family moved from Russia to Austria, back to Russia, then to Austria, and at last to America. Before the child could master the tongue of one country he was taken to another country. Now, by slowly and carefully learning to imitate the English sounds, Peterly is grasping the English language.

Flight From France

Describing their miserable journey from Belgium to Switzerland four days after France was attacked, Mrs. Sack said that she and her husband and baby Renee were forced to spend two days and a night in a crowded dirty train without water and with only a little milk and butter for the baby. The trip ordinarily would have taken five hours.

With two thousand other refugees the family soon sailed on the Manhattan, a ship with "capacity" for eight hundred people. These people willingly suffered crowded quarters and poor food when ahead lay the great hope, America.

Mrs. Robinson told of five refugee children, only three of them brothers and sisters, who came from abroad into her home here. Kyra arrived last and faced four antagonistic cousins in an already crowded home. The foster-mother's description of adjustment problems of the children among themselves and herself made students realize some of the difficult situations the war may bring home to all American families.

WHY IS A DRESS?

Read it and you shall see. This new book by Elizabeth Hawes, author of the best-seller *Fashion Is Spinach*, is now in the Home Economics Library.

This time the author is crusading "that all American women may have beautiful clothes." She tells how you create lovely clothes, how a designer gets started, why dresses are made as they are, and what you can do if you don't like today's styles. Elizabeth Hawes has put all her fresh lively wit into *Why is a Dress?* Why not give it a glance when you're in the Home Ec Libe?



Margaret Bull '42

The story of Peggy's college career reads like a fairy tale. Since the time she was sent as New York State Food Preparation Winner to the National 4-H Club Congress at Chicago, Peg wanted to become a 4-H Club agent.

Setting her hopes on the Extension Service course at the Cornell College of Home Economics, she went to the Watertown School of Commerce after graduation from Watertown High School; and then she worked about two years as secretary to the County Attorney.

Soon able to come to Cornell, our young heroine joined the 4-H Club, and at the end of her freshman year was sent as a University delegate to the National Country Life Convention at Penn State.

By the time she was a Junior, Peg was president of 4-H Club, a member of Ag-Domecon council, and co-chairman of the State Country Life Convention here. She was also publicity secretary for the Extension Club; treasurer of the Home Economics Club; a member of Arete, women's social society; and winner of the Bob Adams Memorial Scholarship.

Now a senior whose favorite pastimes are dancing and horseback riding, Peggy is vice-president of Ag-Domecon, student hostess in Willard Straight, Dining Room, and has won the Martha Van Rensselaer Scholarship.

Peg worked summers as a secretary, waitress, and assistant 4-H Club agent in Washington County.

Next month her girlhood dreams are coming true, for after graduation she

is to be New York State 4-H Club Agent-at-Large. With her simple purpose, straight thinking, and delightful manner, we know Peggy will find success and like a fairy tale heroiness "live happily ever after."

A Storehouse For Victory

Although unprocessed green vegetables cannot be stored successfully, according to Dr. Hans Platenius, the root crops (carrots, beets, parsnips, potatoes, turnips, and rutabagas) can be stored very well; cabbage and celery fairly well; and onions and squash will stand up if stored in dry dark near freezing atmospheres to prevent sprouting.

Best storage places are those where all food life processes are slowed down, where the temperature is low, there is little light and ventilation, and damp atmosphere decreases the loss of food moisture.

If the cellar has no heat and remains an even temperature, it is good for storage; otherwise a well insulated cold indoor space, or an outdoor space is better. A barrel filled with damp leaves and covered with the lid; or an earth pit or trench filled with vegetables and covered with straw can well be used for storage. Most satisfactory is bank storage: A hollow concrete block with door is built on ground level and is covered with grass. Size is determined by amount of food to be stored, averaging 8 ft. long by 5 ft. high by 4 ft. wide.

Suburban and city gardeners with small space, heat in their cellars, and no place for outdoor storage should not try to store root crops, but grow greens like peas, beans, and corn, that can be eaten in summer and preserved other ways than by storage.

Jobs For Home Ec

What are you going to be when you graduate? is the question discussed at the vocation meetings sponsored by the Home Economics Club. Recently occupational therapist Marjorie Fish and home service worker Dorothy Cooper have spoken. Miss Fish explained that occupation therapy is "remedial activity administered by experts to help cure a disease." Miss Fish told about the teaching of arts, crafts, and trades, the use of orthopedic exercises and the participation in recreational activities as well as gardens and entertainments, that help strengthen weakened bones and muscles.

Rat-killers

The other day we took a rat apart. No, we're not barbarians; we are merely Foods and Nutrition 230 students trying to find out why certain food substances must be included in our diets. It would not be safe to find out by experimenting on ourselves, so we use rats.

After feeding the rats a diet which leaves out a certain food essential, like vitamin D, we watch their behavior and general appearance for several weeks or months. Then, if we suspect that the diet caused changes in the heart, lungs, or other internal organs of a rat, we kill and dissect it. We see just what happened to the rat because it did not vitamin D and then we know what would happen to us. In the same way we find out why we need vitamin A, calcium, and all the other required food elements.

One look at the insides of some of these diseased rats is enough to send us girls rushing home to eat our spinach with a new appetite.

Cut Down That Sugar!

Sugar is not a necessity in the diet, and there are many substitutes that supply the body with needed carbohydrates. Bananas, dates, raisins, apricots and other fruits give the sugar you need, and probably they are better sources than ordinary sugars.

In many recipes the sugar content can be cut in half with little change

in the taste of the finished product. Honey, brown and maple sugars, and Karo and molasses syrups will be substituted for refined sugar. When replacing granulated sugar with a liquid sugar, decrease the liquid ingredients one fourth cup per cup of added liquid.

LETTER HOME

Dear Mom,

Can't help it—these balmy days are getting under our feet, and we've been out walking and picking May flowers (we call it "hiking for health.") So our feet won't kill us after the first half mile, we're buying shoes that fit, by making sure that when we stand on our toes, the shoe breaks in such way that the **largest toe knuckle is right over the widest part of the shoe**. The chiropodist says to get shoes that are laced to give good support, rubber heeled to prevent slipping, and leather soled. (Rubber soles cause unhealthy excess foot perspiration.)

Here's a tip for removing grass stains. Member how I always used to get them on the back of my white muslin "party dress?" If the material is washable, rub spot between fingers, using a warm soap solution. Should a yellow stain remain, bleach it with Javelle water. If the material is not washable, sponge the spot with a solution of equal proportions of water and denatured alcohol. Avoid

making a ring by brushing the alcohol irregularly into the fabric and drying quickly. Another way is to rub the stain with molasses and then wash it.

Have to get back to work now. Final examinations loom ahead so must forget about May day-dreams, and remember to study—it's enough to give a girl nightmares!

Love,
Carol

Topping Their Classes

The first ranking members of each class in the College of Home Economics were presented at tea last month by Omicron Nu, honorary society.

Those having the five highest cumulative averages for their class had their names engraved on the honor roll, and on the scholarship cup was inscribed that of Betsy Kandiko, top ranking sophomore.

Seniors on the honor roll were Barbara P. Arthur, Elizabeth Chase, Alice Popp, Gladys McKeever, and Marguerite Horn. Juniors: Helen Jammer, Jean Hammersmith, Doris Fenton, Bernadine Sutton, and Mary Klauder.

Sophomores included Elizabeth Kandiko, Rebecca Harrison, Sigrid Henley, Suzanne Coffin, and Esther Penci; and Freshmen: Erna Fox, Nelle-Anna Judson, Marcia Huchins, Marilyn Roesicke, and Janet Eagle.

1919

Mrs. James R. Cook, the former Millicent Quinby has recently moved to 225, 12th Street, New York City. She has twin boys, Richard and Gerard.

Cecilia Coad recently married Donald Swenson.

1920

Doris Lake, on leave from her associate professorship in Home Economics, in doing graduate work in Pennsylvania State College.

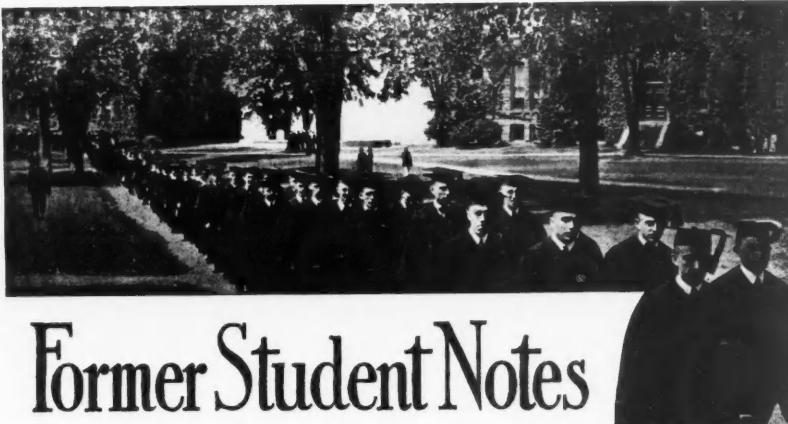
Grace Dimelow is in charge of the Home Economics Program for the W.P.A. in New York State. Her office is in the Old Post Office Building, Albany.

1923

B. O. Hughes is supervisor of Mississippi National Forests. His address is still Forest Service, Atlanta, Georgia.

Broder Lucas was recently married and took a honeymoon trip through Arrowhead Spring, Palm Springs, Kermosillo, Nogales, Tucson, Phoenix, and down to the Southern Pacific's Playa de Cortes, near Guaymas on the Gulf of California and 200 miles into old Mexico by gravel highway.

Francis Malcolm received his Mas-



Former Student Notes

1905

H. S. Loop is farming at North East, Pennsylvania. He is married and has five children.

Gertrude Seward (Mrs. C. R. Wilkinson), is director of public relations in the Home Economics Dept. of Francis H. Leggett Co., is living in Bridgeport, Conn.

Mrs. Isabelle Van Tynes new address is 40 Clinton Ave., Arlington, New Jersey.

1916

George S. Ennis, a prominent farm-

er of Wayne County, now resides on the home farm in Lyons, New York. He has been connected with the soil conservation work of Wayne county for six years and also is a member of the Town Board and is serving as Justice of Peace. He has one son, George Sparks Jr.

Thad C. Logan has been actively interested in Boy Scouting along with his position as cashier of the Lyons Bank. He was recently given the Scouters award, having completed the five-year training course.

ter's at Teachers' College, Columbia University. He is superintendent of schools at Fort Kent, Maine, and is giving general supervision to the rehabilitation of the St. John Valley in extreme Northern Maine.

1926

Ed K. Ach, working as forester with the U. S. Soil Conservation Service has been in the Central Region. He notes the recent arrival of a girl to his family in addition to two older boys. He lives at 1422 Audobon Ave., Lexington, Ky., but may soon be moved into a new soil conservation district.

Malcolm B. Galbreath is director of the Morrisville Agricultural and Technical Institute, Morrisville, New York. He is the father of three children, Malcolm Jr. 7, Martha 5, and John 2.

1929

William H. Bell was married to Mrs. Ruth Beers of Lockport. They will live in Lockport where Bell is secretary of Niagara County Surrogate Court, and president of Lockport Kiwanis Club.

Joseph P. King of Canton, former assistant county agricultural agent for St. Lawrence County was appointed to supervise the farm placement program in preparation for an unprecedented demand for labor this spring, by the United States Employment Service.

1933

Lee Caiken, MF '34, Assistant Forester at Appalachian Forests Experiment Station, Asheville, North Carolina reports for active duty as an army officer. Lee has been making a name for himself in statistical analysis in silviculture with the Forest Service at Asheville since 1934. He is married and has one son two years old.

1935

Miss Bessie Darnell married Ralph Trudeau on February 17, 1942. She has been dietitian at the Biggs Memorial Hospital. The couple are now living at North Bangor, New York.

John W. Duffield has accepted a teaching position at St. Mary's School, Peekskill on April 1. He has been carrying on research in forest genetics at the Northeast Forest Experiment Station, New Haven, Connecticut for the past two years.

1937

Jeanne S. Wake is working in New York City in the home service division of the Brooklyn Union Gas Company. According to her reports . . . "it's a simply swell job and I love it more each day." She gives lectures on food preparation, tests new recipes, teaches brides to cook, and is generally useful to the customers.

1938

Ralph King, assistant in Conservation, St. Lawrence County, was married last June to Geraldine Munson of Winthrop, New York. Their address is 57 Court St., Canton, New York.

Ella Gertrude Gleim is assistant in the Foods and Nutrition Department in our College of Home Economics. She is doing graduate work and is living at 604 East Seneca Street, Ithaca.

Betty Clare Joki is in business for herself as a Designer of custom made hats, gowns, and bags. Betty's address is 489 Norwood Avenue, Buffalo.

Norma June Hotaling is Dietitian at the Cornell Infirmary, Ithaca.

1939

Emma E. Ford married Dr. A. J. Wood of Halifax, Nova Scotia. Emma, a Home Economics graduate, was a



members of Pi Lambda Theta, women's honorary society and the Dramatic Club.

Gertrude Henry has joined Economics of the Household Department as an assistant.

Melva Gertrude Brower is teaching Home Economics at Morrisville, New York.

Nancy Disbrow is Executive Secretary of the Ontario County Committee of Tuberculosis and Public Health, Geneva, New York.

Rose Emily Quackenbush is now Mrs. James J. Frangella and lives at Colymans, New York.

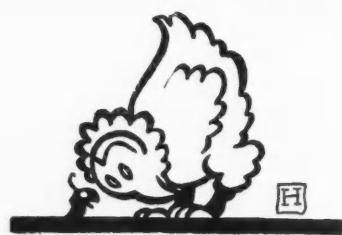
1940

Freida Mann, former home economics editor of the *Countryman*, attended Elmira Business College in 1941 and is now working in the Assistant Treasurer's Office, Cornell University. Her address is 15 Willow Avenue, Ithaca, New York.

1941

Hartley Martin is teaching agriculture in Lyons, New York.

Janet S. Bliss is engaged to Rudolph D. Snyder of Middlebury. Janet is a member of Kappa Alpha Theta sorority. Rudolph, a graduate of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, is now employed



by the American Locomotive Company in Schenectady.

Kyle Moore is the vocational agricultural teacher at Pomona, New York.

Catherine E. Dunham is engaged to Jesse B. Neuhauser '41. During her years at the College of Home Economics, Catherine was a member of Arete, Fencing Club, and Sage Chapel Choir.

Lieutenant William R. Harrison is engaged to Mary E. Goffe of Larchmont. He is now stationed at Fort Devens, Massachusetts.

Lieutenant Floyd D. Kyte's address is Battery D, 3rd Battalion, 1st Regiment Field Artillery Replacement Center, Fort Bragg, North Carolina. Floyd is training the draftees at the Replacement Center.

Joseph C. Brownell married Florence E. Howland last January 17. Joe is now working for the GLF in Port Jervis, New York. His address is 1 Prospect St., Port Jervis, New York.

Edward T. Foreman, has joined the ground crew of the United States Army Air Corps at Fort Niagara, but he doesn't know how long he will be there. He has been teaching at the State School of Applied Agriculture on Long Island, at Farmingdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Tschirner of Trumansburg are parents of a daughter born Monday in Memorial Hospital. Mrs. Tschirner is the former Rachel Johnson.

1942

James Veeder of Marilla, BS '42 (February) was appointed Club Agent in Cattaraugus County. His headquarters will be Salamanca.



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THERE'S A **BOMB** IN YOUR BARNYARD



**CHILDREN UNDERSTAND—
AND ACT!**

Out in Oklahoma a Harvester dealer named Will H. Ford got word to the rural schools that Uncle Sam needs scrap metal now. Today in Will Ford's county 8,000 school children in 57 schools are busy as beavers. In the first three weeks they have dug up 647 TONS of "scrap to slap the Japs." Enough from one county to build a fleet of 36 medium tanks!

Champion "scrapper" of the primary department at Velma School is eight-year-old Wanda Ely who hunted up 352 pounds of old metal, "all by herself," and brought it to school in her arms.

IT'S A DUD, NOW. Just a pile of junk. It's YOUR SCRAP METAL! Rusting away and no earthly good to you or to the courageous men fighting this war. They need it. Their lives depend on it. Your lives depend on it. Let Uncle Sam load this bomb for you!

Scrap metal makes munitions. A one-ton bomb requires 500 pounds of it. A 75-mm. howitzer takes half a ton. And the mills are not getting enough scrap metal to maintain the steel production demanded by war industry.

By far the biggest pile of scrap metal left in America is on farms. Three million tons of it or more. And it's going to take every pound of this scrap to win this war. That's why it's up to you to collect all your scrap and get it moving before you do anything else. It may take a day or two of your time, but until it's done, there is nothing you can possibly do that's more important.

The Harvester Dealer Will Help You

Because this job is big, and scrap is tough to handle, International Harvester, in cooperation with the Government, has asked every one of its dealers to lend a hand. And they are doing an immense salv-

age job. In towns where there is no junk yard, Harvester dealers have set up collection points. They are accumulating piles of scrap from farms—selling these piles to scrap dealers—and turning the entire proceeds back to the farmers who bring in the scrap. Harvester dealers are not taking a penny of pay for their part in the transaction.

In other towns where there are junk yards, Harvester dealers organize drives to get metal moving directly from farms to scrap dealers where it can be broken down, sorted, and segregated for the mills.

In all this work these men have only one goal—to get all the scrap metal from all the farms moving to the mills. The pictures show some of the ways they are getting this job done.

Get your own scrap together now. Comb your attic, fields and fence corners for old metal. Be sure that it's all scrap and contains no valuable parts or equipment you may need later. Then call on your Harvester dealer for advice on the best way to send it off to be loaded for war!

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois



**"SEND THIS SCRAP
TO THE JAPS—
WITH POWDER BEHIND IT!"**

With these explosive words to an International Harvester dealer, Ira Gould, 80-year-old farmer of Bone Gap, Illinois, sent his scrap metal off to war. If every farmer in the United States will follow Mr. Gould's patriotic example and get rid of his scrap at once, this country will take a tremendous stride toward winning the war.



WHEN EVERYBODY WORKS YOU CAN BUILD A SCRAP IRON MOUNTAIN!

Down in Missouri, ninety-seven farmers have been hard at it at the urgent request of Harvester dealer George J. Seeger, of Creve Coeur. In one big day they loaded all the scrap they could find and brought it to town. It was weighed at a local elevator and George Seeger gave each

man a receipt for his tonnage. As the junk from this 190-ton pile is sold to scrap dealers—at prices far above what it would bring on the farms—all proceeds are turned back to the men who brought it in. Many take payment in War Savings Stamps and Bonds.



RECEIPTS—GOOD FOR CASH
When Harvester dealers set up scrap depots, they give farmers receipts for every pound of metal brought in. When the scrap is sold, these receipts are redeemed in full in cash or War Savings Stamps. Dealers charge no commission.



**PRIZE MONEY—
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS**

To stir up enthusiasm and get everybody working, Harvester dealers in various places offer prizes to the 4-H Club member or Future Farmer who gets in the biggest load of scrap during a drive.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER